beauty and massive grandeur, with its high-pitched roof, its lofty doors, and its beautiful chancel windows.

A little to the west, surrounded by a forest of pines, lies Liberty Pond, a beautiful lake of clear spring water, once stained with the blood of friend and foe in a deadly conflict—hence its traditional name. It is now a most restful, tranquil spot, with its profound stillness, the beach of snow white sand, the unbroken surface of the lake reflecting the foliage and the changing sky-line.

Turning to the southeast, we leave the woodland and reach a bluff upon the river bank, still known as Howe's Point, where the Revolutionary patriot and soldier, Gen. Robert Howe, was born and reared. His residence, long since a ruin, was a large frame building on a stone or brick foundation, still remembered as such by several aged citizens of Brunswick.

A short distance from the Howe place, the writer found some years ago, in the woods and upon a commanding site near the river, under many layers of pine straw, the clearly defined ruins of an ancient fort, which was undoubtedly of colonial origin. Mr. Reynolds, who lived at his place near by, said that his great grandfather informed him forty years ago that long before the War of the Revolution this fort was erected by the colonial government for the protection of the colonists against buccaneers.

Hence to the staid old county seat is a journey of an hour; it was originally known as Fort Johnston. The adjacent hamlet was subsequently called Smithville. In the old courthouse, which is its principal building, may be seen the evidence that on the death, January 17, 1749, of Mr. Allen, aged 57 years, the plantation Lilliput, where he was buried, became the property (and, it is said, the residence for a brief period) of the great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Thomas Frankland, commanding the frigate *Rose,* who was subsequently Admiral of the White in the British Navy.

In connection with the inscription on Chief Justice Allen's tomb—that he died in January, 1749—it is to be noted that in December, 1749, he was acting as chief justice. At that period the calendar year began and ended in March, so that January, 1749, followed December of that year. The alteration in the calendar was made by act of Parliament in 1751.

ORTON.

A stately mansion girt by God's great woods,
Each clod of earth a friend to me and mine.
Each room a home within the one vast home,
Where naught of all its perfect pomp
Can mar the sweet simplicity and ease of entertainment.
There dwells the warmth of generous hospitality
That counts no act a favor and no gift a sacrifice.
There sordid things and anxious cares come not.
No strangers' words or presence there intrude.
There love of life—clean, wholesome, healthful life—prevails.
And there the peace of God pervades
Each hour of perfect day and night.
One day within its woods,
One night beneath its roof,
To tired body gives a newborn vigor,
To wearied mind a keen creative power,
To the soul a sense of clean, sweet peace,
And to the hour of regretful leaving
A loving and lasting benediction.

Rev. Richard W. Hogue.

CRANE NECK HERON COLONY ON ORTON PLANTATION.

By Rosa Pendleton Chiles.

Stretching for miles through the vast domain of Orton Plantation is a great pond, and in an elected spot above its still waters nests the only colony of egrets remaining in North Carolina today.

For centuries the heron has made its home in the primeval solitude of saltmarsh, untrodden swamp, or silent waters of some hidden pond, where the cypress springs like a sentinel from the deep and spreads its limbs for nesting ground. Bold must be the hunter, though tempted by the glimmer of gold, who, braving mosquitoes and reptiles, threads his way over the trackless morass, paddles his boat along the tortuous meanderings of the smaller water courses, or plunges through the dense growth fringing their banks, following the heron to its nest in pine or cypress. Yet we know only too well some who are fearless enough to make the effort, and the story of their success is written in the tragedy of millions of bird lives and the deeper tragedy of some human lives. Notwithstanding the caution of this noble bird in seeking a home in the well-nigh impenetrable